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C. B. Gilbert
Danville
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# Masonic Poems;

BY

MRS. AMELIA LAMAN CHURCHILL,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

## THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

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TO

THE MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER

AND OFFICERS

OF THE

GRAND LODGE OF INDIANA,

AND

ALL TRUE MASONS,

WHERESOEVER DISPERSED AROUND THE EARTH,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

# PREFACE.

These Poems, when written, I thought but to read,
To such of the "*craft*" as should give me good heed,
But they, on my effort, so hopefully look,
I'm persuaded to "*serve the lines up*" in a book,
Without alteration, or pruning so nice,
But merely this preface, to act as a spice.
And now, if to please you my humble dish fail,
Believe me, bright "*Hope*" "told a flattering tale;"
My "*Faith*" in your kindness, preserves me from fear,
While I pray you, let "*Charity*" plead for me here:
My Poems I send you, my greeting I give,
Long, long may you flourish, and happily live,
While gladly and proudly, your bright course I view,
Here's a "*grip*," strong and fervent, to each brother true.

A. L. C.

# MASONIC POEM;

OR,

## THE INFLUENCE OF FREE MASONRY.

Ladies, who are now assembled,
Let a sister ask you here,
If your spirits ne'er have trembled
To Masonic Teachings dear;
Have you not at twilight's hour,
When the soul seemed near to God,
Mused upon the mystic power
Felt where'er this band has trod,
And your lips have breathed a prayer,
For *all Masons*, everywhere?

Well I know the tender feeling,
As you trace their steps afar,
And fond memory, o'er you stealing,
Tells how noble Masons are,
Till a yearning, deep, comes o'er you,
And your hearts, so pure and good,

Pray, with soft hands clasped before you,
"*God protect the brotherhood!*
Guard them from the ills of life
In this haven free from strife."

Oft in fancy, I'm reviewing
Scenes, and lands to Mason's dear,
And these happy thoughts pursuing
Almost, I believe them here:
Almost note the silent building
Of that temple great and fair,
As toward the heavens it rises,
Massive, grand, and richly rare;
And, methinks, "*The Mighty One*"
Joys to see their labor done.

Sister, let no harsh reproaches
Chide the loved who hither hies,
Though the Lodge so oft encroaches
On the hours you dearly prize;
For believe me, the pure teaching
Which instructs to guard and bless
All our sex, is holy preaching—
'Twill not make them love us less.
With your smiles then bid him hasten,
Thankful that he is a Mason.

Bigotry (though we're above it,)
Is unworthy Mason's wives:
Masonry—we *ought* to love it,
It exalts and cheers our lives.
Woman should, with firm endeavor,
Aid the craft that dries each tear—
That protects her when "*The Master*"
Calls her loved one from her here.
Hearts *Masonic*, cheer you then,
Heaven be thanked, for such true men.

Dream not that the Lodge will woo him
From the dear delights of home;
Happy wife, if *to this temple*
Only, shall his footsteps roam;
And when here love's labor's ended,
Homeward to your side he flies,
Let not frowns make dark the contrast,
Give him smiling lips and eyes.
'Tis pleasant here—be wise and true,
*Make home the brighter of the two.*

Wonder not, that I am pleading
For a cause so near my heart,
Masonry is pure and holy,
If the craftsmen act their part.

Read and study all its precepts,
In unnumbered volumes found,
Then your hearts, like mine, will trembling
Murmur, "This is sacred ground."
I have read till each emotion
Merged in one, and that, devotion.

Masonry *my soul inherits*,
From a reverend grandsire, dead,
And I've feasted on its beauties,
By Masonic father fed:
Heart and hand have freely given,
To another Mason true,
And *my boy*, if God preserve him,
*He will be a Mason too.*
Others boast of blood and stamina—
*Masonry* runs through *our* family.

And we glory in the knowledge,
That from sire to son it goes—
That the blood which we inherit,
Through our veins *Masonic* flows:
While we love the Ancient Order,
As a priceless heirloom given,
By a cherished father, *entered*
*Now within the Lodge in Heaven*—

He whose life's sun sank to rest,
As *sinks the Day-God in the west.*

But our introduction over,
Which too long, perhaps, has been,
Let me haste the fault to cover,
And our lecture now begin.
I entreat you, as true Masons,
While my humble voice I raise,
Do not think me an intruder,
That I sing your "Order's" praise;
If for good I weave no charm,
I surely cannot work you harm.

The subject of Masonry, Brothers, to you
Is fraught with deep interest, tender and true;
May your hearts, from the cause never sever,
But faithfully sing the bright banner in song,
Which has floated triumphant, so proudly, so long,
*Still*, bravely defend it forever.

I hail with peculiar emotions, to-night,
Each one 'neath its sheltering folds, fair and bright,
And accept this most honored position,
For Masonry's influence, the works of her hand,
Extend not alone to *our own* happy land,
But betters the *whole world's* condition.

'Tis ever a sweet source of pleasure, to me,
To utter my thoughts all untrammeled and free,
To speak forth the heart's deepest feeling;
And now as I think of her worth here to-night,
All minor things vanish away from my sight,
And an *awe* o'er my spirit is stealing.

For, amid institutions, at present, which claim
Attention, the ancient, the time-honored name
Of Masonry brightly is beaming.
As second to none, save the church of our God,
A *priceless exotic from Judea's sod*,
With holiest memories teeming.

Though not (as a lady) a member, still I
Greet kindly all you of the bright "*mystic tie*,"
And glory with you in her mission;
The pride of each heart should be, Brothers, that you
Are fit for her ranks, then prove worthy and true,
And honor your noble position.

When born in the land of the blest Palestine,
Her workings of harmony fully were seen,
Bidding prejudice bravely defiance,
When the world in comparative infancy stood,
She sought to illumine their darkness for good,
With the light of the arts and of science.

Her influence o'er them was pure and benign,
Like a star shining bright in its lustre divine,
Ennobling and raising in kindness;
With the lamp of God's word, and her own native truth,
Did Masonry, even while yet in her youth,
Work wonders in healing their blindness.

Her spirit Catholic, works uncircumscribed
By boundaries of earth, by distinction unbribed,
Keeping pace with the increase of nations;
The van of improvement hath constantly led,
While the glory of Masonry, ever is shed,
O'er the lodge in its varied relations.

When the land of her birth became limited, then
As the rapid increase drove abroad many men,
Seeking homes in earth's distant dominion;
She sought out each clime, and with untiring zeal
She wrought to improve them, till none could but feel
That her strong hands they never could pinion.

When Columbus first turned his adventurous prow,
To the land then unknown, which we tread upon now,
Her eye proudly rested upon him;
As an instrument, given to widen the sphere
Of her labors so useful, and grateful the tear
She shed o'er the laurels it won him.

And now, if you please, let our vision go back
Little more than a century on history's track,
And while the old world's emigration
Is pouring, in floods on this western shore,
While the great and the mighty to honor it more,
Sought this land of their own inclination.

Behold you, 'mid all, a fair youthful form, [warm,
Strangely blending cold wisdom with childhood's heart
In dignity, grave and commanding;
See, counsel the sagest, with true skill abound,
Where innocent pleasures are lovingly found;
Note this form on our continent landing.

Among her most valuable treasures we see,
Things, common enough in themselves it may be,
But not in their strange application;
She must teach to bold manhood, to timorous youths,
Sound principles moral, most important truths,
And *these, are for their demonstration.*

An era was this in our history true,
And the great and the good, of this Western World threw
Their strong arms of welcome about her;
While gladly they echoed fair Masonry's name,
And saddened to think when the bright stranger came,
How long they had lived here without her.

Resplendent she shone in her purity fair,
And emblazoned upon her white vestures there were
Strange characters in hireoglyphics;
Which, while they attracted the gaze of the throng,
Drew on her the stare of the weak and the strong,
And awakened the wrath of the critics.

Impressed on the hearts of the *faithful and true*,
Moral precepts and principles, fair as the dew,
And bright as the sunlight of heaven;
While the small lump of truth which so feebly began,
Extends now its influence to benefit man,
And the *whole world* is mixed with its leaven.

Temples and altars soon rose to the sight,
Which Masonry sacredly claimed as her right,
While calmly she followed her calling;
Secluding her votaries from danger and strife,
She guards them from evils pertaining to life,
And assists all in danger of falling.

On her tressle-board broad she then drew out a plan,
For a spiritual structure which quickly began
To rise in its might and its power;
The design from the great architect of the sky
She caught, while each turret and battlement high
Strove hard to outrival the tower.

Each separate material she tested with care,
Revealed every angle and depression there:
To perfect the bright lodge of fraternity;
The *plumb line of truth* with exactness applied,
The *level* upon the foundation she tried,
And lo! it extends to eternity.

Silently, on each material fell
Her *gavel*, for this living temple and well;
By the magic of its mystic power,
Stones, rude and imperfect, from quarries around,
Taking beauty and form, as they rose from the ground,
Loomed up like some bright fairy's bower.

The wonder was great, some predicted a fall,
But noiseless and steadily on rolled the ball,
Increasing with perfect exactness;
In grace and in symmetry lovely it grew,
Till finishsd, the edifice proudly we view,
So strong in its massive compactness.

While men, enterprising, now paused at her door,
And sought but to stand on her temple's broad floor,
Then bigotry sprang into action;
On all of her movements in waiting to lie,
Reporting all seen by her false, jealous eye,
She brought forth the spirit of faction.

Her motives impugned, and her character torn,
By slander on gossip's foul wings quickly borne,
With ignorance bold and unblushing;
Illiberal tongues caught the rumors that ran,
Condemning her works to each listening man,
The truth from the world blindly crushing.

"*No friend to the colonies*," then came the cry,
"A foreign—political tempter—and spy,"
"Down, down with her grandeur forever,"
Others saw as they fancied "religion's sworn foe,"
But Masonry never her rights could forego,
Or yield up her strong moral lever.

In years dark with battle her power we view
Still shining in sorrow, firm, faithful and true,
Undisturbed by the war's fierce commotion;
Then did she to all most conclusively show
How firmly she anchors when angry winds blow,
And when lashed by the fury of ocean.

Her vision took in at a glance the whole truth,
Of all human rights from our manhood to youth,
And her thoughts to the world were presented;
To support the political fabric which shook
Equality's laws for a basis she took,
While with brotherly love 'twas cemented.

Yet, still unreposing materials she brought,
For the fair superstructure of government, wrought
Not alone by her hand all untiring;
She was training bold craftsmen, in cunning and skill,
To rear this bright edifice, pausing not till
The last breath of life was expiring.

Her *wisdom* was shown, when she planned and devised,
This scheme so gigantic, which none e'er despised
But all have admired in its mystery;
Undertakings so mighty, so glorious as this,
We view not, this side of a bright world of bliss,
In our ancient political history.

Her science to guide as a strong beacon light,
They struggled on bravely through sorrow's long night,
Till, rending at last every fetter,
They see with delight that her portals unclose,
Inviting each brother to rest and repose,
While she pictures a future far better.

Her honored sons gladly go forth at her call,
Her truths and her precepts proclaiming to all,
Like the trumpet of doom to the nation;
Things hidden so long, now burst forth to the light,
Till the world by their power so fearful in might,
Was shaken e'en to its foundation.

Then, trembled with fear in their dreary domain,
The ghosts of oppression who came not again,
From their caverns of blackness infernal;
Astonished, the mountain the bold echo drops,
'Tis caught, and repeated to distant hill-tops,
And reverberates wildly, eternal.

Amid all these throes, these commotions which rock
The political world to its centre, the shock
Brings forth into life a young nation;
Encircled in Masonry's strong, loving arms,
The fair child of liberty suffered no harm,
But clung to its foster relation.

With liberty's Goddess she walked in her pride,
And her presence shed blessings on every side,
O'er a country now free and victorious;
To each germination of discord, she came
As a mildew of death, until Masonry's name
Earned nobly the title of glorious.

Dissensions and troubles on every hand,
Were banished at once by her magical wand,
Binding men in the bonds of fraternity;
With skill that pertains to the bright world above,
She threw o'er each heart the strong fetters of love,
Which can fail not, through time nor eternity.

And now, as the star of her glory arose
To the zenith, where power its radiance throws
O'er all at its light filled with wonder;
A cloud dark and ominous, skirted the sky,
To obscure the bright star which had risen so high,
While afar rolled the deep threatening thunder.

The muttering tempest, the fury and strife
Of the elements social, now called into life,
Began to attract men's attention;
A crime was committed, as many suppose,
By this time-honored order, then quickly arose
All manner of wrath and dissention.

Think not it was strange, but remember how long,
Her brilliant career oft repeated in song,
Men sought with her affiliation;
Who drank at the fountain but not with the heart,
Who knew her fair ritual only in part,
With no *deep sense of realization.*

Her fervent, significant principles fair,
By them understood not, and many there were,
And perhaps there may be at the present,
Who look not beyond the mere rites and the forms,
And Masons in *name*, feel no spirit that warms
Each heart, with a glow bright and pleasant.

Amid all the strength of her foundations bold,
Her precepts eternal, (which ne'er can grow old,)
Her structure's symmetrical beauty;
This element weak would most dangerous seem,
And to strengthen and guard it, each Mason should deem
Not his *pleasure* alone, but his *duty*.

All Masons, enlightened and tutored with care,
Are a blessing to earth, and an ornament fair
To the order they honor and cherish,
But those who work blindly, though zealous at heart,
Her designs understand not, in each mystic part,
And 'twere better such members should perish.

Such was the condition of Masonry when
The storm in its furry burst on her, and then
To prevent this disease being chronic,
All know, that the order some process must need,
To winnow the chaff from the true faithful seed,
To test every spirit Masonic.

When, therefore, the billows that surged at her feet,
But echoed the voice of the tempest which beat
In vain on her solid foundation;
The *tares* which had mingled with Masons in song,
Being caught by the gale, were borne swiftly along,
And loudly condemned her creation.

Did Masonry suffer by this stern ordeal?
Did the arm of her strength less vitality feel?
Did she mourn for her sons, false and fickle?
As much as the farmer who fans out the grain,
When Summer has brought round the harvest again,
Which the reaper has cut with his sickle.

"How many secede," cried the enemy then,
"What multitudes leave them," was echoed again,
"'Tis a strange and a wondrous phenomena;"
"Were they Masons in truth?" you will here doubtless cry,
As much as *all* viewing the star spangled sky,
Are students devout of astronomy.

As true as those Christians who cowardly steal,
Heaven's livery bright, while with Satan they deal,
As a tyrant, with rules most despotic;
As sure as each wearing the form, is a *man*,
As sure as that vile traitor, Arnold, we can,
With truth, call a soul patriotic.

At this juncture, when hirelings at sight of the foe,
Fled, leaving the faithful alone in their woe,
Set on by the basest of feeling;
The gaunt, meagre, famishing seekers of prey,
At the head of the motley crowd filling the way
Up, in mighty battalions came wheeling.

Striving order to bring from confusion and din,
By marshalling all, under leaders, put in
To elevate them to position;
Which the citizens never would grant them in life,
Thus, therefore, amid the confusion and strife,
They hoped to improve their condition.

In various places, they meet to denounce
The order, on which in their fury they pounce,
Regardless of time, tide, or weather;
Their meetings the Bible doth aptly portray,
Where "some one thing would cry, some another thing say,
While *few* knew, wherefore they came together,"

Here, again, a strange circumstance came to the light,
The proscribed and abused, in their power and might,
Ne'er to scorn and abuse condescended;
No alliances new did they form with mankind,
To trickery's arts they remained ever blind,
While no rule of the lodge was amended.

On its well-tried foundation awaiting the end,
They smiled at the storm, which in vain sought to rend
Their temple, with sound as of thunder;
But firmly it stands, while the angry waves roar,
Their fury is vain, they but strengthen it more
In striving to tear it asunder.

Many wondered, indeed, that she did not wage war,
Rising up, as a party political, for
Her rights, and her deep wrong's redression;
But little they know of the thoughts which entwine,
Themselves in her heart 'round each mighty design,
Else they never had looked for oppression.

'Tis true that her work for a season was stay'd,
Was greatly impeded, but, *only* delayed,
And would soon into action be started;
Though pronounced by fanatics "undoubtedly dead,"
Her requiem chanted, their jealousy fed,
Her foes were at length happy hearted.

But "truth crushed to earth, ever rises again,"
The storm has passed over, subsided the rain,
And the bright bow of promise shines o'er us;
From the clear vaulted sky clouds are passing away,
While Masonry's star, with its calm, steady ray,
In grandeur is burning before us.

The sound of the Gavel is heard on the plain,
The craftsmen are pressing their labors again,
With firm hands by respite made stronger,
And love's golden chain at fair Masonry's call,
Must circle in brightness, 'round each, and 'round all,
For *falsehood can harm her no longer.*

Still, firm as a rock, doth Freemasonry stand,
While a grateful world blesses the works of her hand,
Which have banished all discord and sorrow;
Like the sun shining bright in the blue sky above,
Her light, o'er each Mason, sheds brotherly love,
Predicting a radiant morrow.

No separate interests cluster around
Her precincts so sacred, 'tis here, holy ground,
Where the hearts of her votaries centre;
Then gladly re-echo her praises again,
For never within her bright happy domain,
Can the spirit of wrangling enter.

But turn we from scenes here, with gloom ever dreary,
And haste our conclusion lest any be weary,
Where all should be happy and cheerful:
You wonder why I, as a lady, should show
A preference so marked for this order, I know,
Which some shrink from in horror so fearful.

The answer is easily given and plain,
Dark predjudice strove with my heart, but in vain,
For truth in its firm clasp had bound me;
In my innermost soul, I the order revere,
I list to its praise, while my spirit holds dear,
The *mystical influence* round me.

Then, when this hall crumbles to ashes away,
And Masonry's monument sink to decay,
When time shall be lost in eternity,
May your spiritual structure immovable stand,
And the "*lodge*" be unbroken, while yet as a band
You dwell in the bonds of fraternity.

May your "badges," unsullied by crime or deceit,
Unshrinking, the eye of the holy one meet,
When all that is earthly shall perish;
And when you the "*trowel*" and "*gavel*" lay down,
May you take up the harp, and the heavenly crown,
As reward for the virtues you cherish.

## THE STAR OF FREEMASONRY.

O'er the ocean of time, though the tempest may sweep,
And the clouds gather darkly above,
There 's a star shining out that disperses the gloom
With the pure light of *brotherly love.*

Though the thunder may crash, and the storm demon rave,
And the lightning emit its sharp gleam,
Yet this beautiful star, like an angel of peace,
Soothes all with its mystical beam;

And voyagers out on the billows descry
A light that illumines their way,
While gladly they hail this bright star of renown,
That is shining for thousands to-day.

Oh! a magical charm hath its radiance bright,
As it falls on each heart, like the dew,
And man! while he basks in its silvery light,
Can love but the good and the true.

'Tis the light of Freemasonry, gentle and pure,
A gift — by the holy one given,
The weary to cheer, and the wayward to guide
To a refuge from sorrow, in heaven.

Uniting all hands by the closests of clasps,
All hearts by the strongest of ties,
May the circle thus formed each bright link retain,
Till *raised* to the lodge in the skies.

And though on this earth many dark days must come,
And clouds will obscure the blue sky,
Though storms may arise in wild fury and wrath,
And angry winds shrieking rush by.

Though friends may be false, and life's cup o'erflow
With the wormwood and gall of despair,
Though fortune be fickle and love prove untrue,
And the future loom darkly with care:

Look up to the star which the Mason beholds,
The darkness and gloom will depart,
While peace and delight your sad being enfolds,
And joy reigns supreme in the heart.

Then again on the waters of life as you glide,
When the tempest has sunk to repose,
Give thanks to the *Great Architect* for the light
Which this star o'er your dreary life throws,

And cheerfully all of your labor perform,
Both rest and reward shall be yours,
For an unspotted life — like an unclouded day,
A beautiful sunset secures.

And what though thy life in its bright morn may be,
Or thy sun its meridian has reached,
If even the twilight of age draweth near,
And thy locks by its winters are bleached;

Yet the light that at morning shines over thy path,
That at noontide still gladdens thy way,
Gleams tenderly over the river of death,
As its beams on the dark waters play;

It is Masonry's Star, by the Great Master placed,
High up, where the faithful may view,
And predjudice, bigotry, malice and hate,
Must yield to its influence true.

Bright Masonry! beautiful subject of song,
Ne'er, ne'er shall thy power depart,
*Not all* may I know of thy goodness and worth,
But oh! thou art dear to my heart.

Still would I protect thee from all that would throw
A stain on thy banner of light,
Still scatter the clouds that would darkly enfold,
'Till thy glory was shrouded in night.

And though weak the pen that thy beauty would paint,
And humble the hand that would gild,
Yet fervent the love which this frail effort prompts,
For my soul with thy greatness is filled.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG IS MASONIC.

The Star Spangled Flag, by Freemasons designed,
Hath significance, brothers, to you,
Each star is an emblem of "Deity," pure,
And of "*love universal*," the blue.
The American Flag that so proudly has shone,
Through sunshine and storm, *is the Freemason's own*,
And dear to each craftsman, this banner should be,
For 'tis also the flag of the noble and free.

The stripes that so gaily float forth on the breeze,
With their colors of scarlet and white,
Present us the symbols of *Warfare* and *Peace*,
Alternate like shadows and light.
America's Flag, that so proudly has flown
Through sunshine and storm, *is the Freemason's own*,
And dear to each craftsman, this banner should be,
For 'tis also the flag of the noble and free.

While *bloodshed* and *war*, with the evils they bring,
Are symbol'd by *Love's rosy hue*,
The *white* is for *Peace*, and together they form
The beautiful "red, white and blue." [shone
While the bright, starry Flag, that so proudly has
Through sunshine and storm, *is the Freemason's own*,
And dear to each craftsman this banner should be,
For 'tis also the Flag of the noble and free.

Its staff is the CROSS, by the ancients called *Tau*,
'Tis the emblem of *Innocence pure*,
And of that *life eternal*, the blest shall enjoy
Who, trials with patience endure.
The American Flag that so proudly has flown
Through sunshine and storm, *is the Freemason's own*,
And dear to each brother this banner should be
For 'tis also the flag of the noble and free.

Thus far *'tis Masonic*, and yet not complete;
But see! the last want is supplied,
And the banner we love flutters brightly aloft
To the "*Cross*," *by the "cable tow" tied.*
The American Flag that so proudly has shone
Through warfare and peace, *is the Freemason's own*,
And dear to each craftsman this banner should be
For 'tis also the flag of the noble and free.

And thus can the Order of Masonry claim,
"The Flag of our Union" to-day,
If over the dark, frowning fortress it waves,
Or o'er the blue waters may play. [flown
Still the Star Spangled Banner that proudly has
On land and on sea, *is the Freemason's own,*
And dear to the heart of each brother should be,
With its *beautiful symbols*, this Flag of the free.

## FUNERAL DIRGE.

Sadly we lay thee down, brother, to sleep;
Tears cannot bring thee back, vainly we weep,
Ne'er shall we greet thee more,
Upon the checkered floor,
Death's waves with sullen roar,
Between us sweep!

Morn was so fair with thee — noon was so bright,
How can we bury thee thus from our sight!
No more to grasp thy hand,
When meet our faithful band,
Where hearts with love expand,
We mourn thy flight.

Rest, brother, rest in peace, life's labor o'er,
Gone, at the Master's call, to yon bright shore;
Safe in the lodge above,
May he thy works approve,
And crown thee with his love
Forever more.

Brother, a last farewell! in thy grave low
Emblems of faith and hope, sadly we throw!
Thy "race with patience run,"
Heaven for thee begun!
Farewell — God's will be done,
Though deep our woe!

## INSTALLATION ODE.

We hail thee, "*Master*," here to-day,
"*Pillar of wisdom*" art thou now;
Go take thy station in "*the East*,"
Where morn's first beams shall kiss thy brow.

Our "*Senior Warden*" next we view
Where ends the sun his course, at length.
We charge you — "*look well to the West*,"
Our hope, our "*pillar thou of strength.*"

To "*look well to the South*," becomes,
Oh, "*Jr. Warden*," now thy duty;
All hearts rejoice, for here we see
Our Lodge has "*Wisdom*," "*Strength*" and "*Beauty.*"

Hail, "*Secretary*," ready scribe,
Thy "*badge*" of office now assume,
May all thy "*records*" truthful stand
So shalt thou 'scape the traitor's doom.

Who comes with steadfast heart to take
The "*keys*" that guard our treasure well?
May vigilance untiring prove
Thy worth, that all the tale can tell.

"*Deacons*," by brothers now installed,
Servants most faithful may you be,
The "MASON'S DUE" shalt thou receive
When time fades in eternity.

## DIRGE FOR A DEAD BROTHER.

Why stand we here, with brows of gloom,
Beside the portals of the tomb?
Why falls the tear?
Why vainly seek in sighs, relief,
Why wear the mourning badge of grief?
Lo! Death is here!

A shining mark his arrows prize,
And see! our brother helpless lies!
Pale, silent, cold!
Blameless his life, oh, Death, and thou
With icy hand hath chilled the brow
We here behold!

Sad thought, yet pure affection weaves
A chaplet fair of mem'ry's leaves,
To grace his tomb!
Long shall his fame, masonic, glow,
Like sunset beams, a light to throw
Upon our gloom!

And what art thou, relentless Death?
A sudden ceasing of the breath?
"A dreamless sleep?"
Ah, no! thine is the friendly hand,
To lead us to that better land
Where none shall weep.

When sank our brother to his rest,
His head was pillowed on thy breast,
And this pale brow
Beamed with the light that faintly shone,
Reflected from the radiant throne
Where angels bow.

His spirit — gone to him who gave,
To thy embrace — within the grave
This form we give,
While tenderly we lay him down,
Heir to a bright, immortal crown!
Through death he lives!

## SONG.

TUNE — "*The Flag of our Union.*"

All hail to the band of Free Masons!
Oh, long be their banner unfurled,
While proudly the order shall flourish
Let its beauties be sung to the world;
Let its deeds in our mem'ries be cherished
While we offer a tribute of song —
Freemasonry, now and forever,
Its praise in full chorus prolong.

It cheereth the heart of the mourner
When death o'er the loved spreads its pall;
When trouble assaileth a member
'Tis felt by the brotherhood all;
The warm, friendly smile of the Mason
Lifts care, like a veil from the heart,
While the grasp of a true hand fraternal
Bids grief, like a shadow, depart.

One word to the lodge here assembled —
You're firmly united, we know,
Be true to Masonic profession;
Prove brothers wherever you go;
Prosperity ever attend you,
Glad echoes the sentence prolong;
One cheer for Freemasonry ever,
In a chorus unbroken and strong.

Go on in your might, still rejoicing,
Forget not your duties to man;
Brave hearts there are many among you,
Shrink not from your post in the van;
Roll the car of Fraternity onward,
Triumphant its course still must prove;
Warm hearts beating fondly around you
Shall cheer on your labor of love.

May "Hope" lead you onward and upward,
May "Faith" gild your future with gold,
And "Charity" lovingly cover
What faults may appear in your fold;
Then, to-night, join with soul in the chorus,
Let the strain burst with truth from the heart,
Three cheers for Freemasonry, brothers,
Three cheers for our Lodge ere we part.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

TUNE — *China.*

Once more we meet with mournful hearts,
To lay a brother low;
Once more before the tomb we stand,
While tears of sorrow flow.

Again the yawning grave invites
The sleeper to his rest;
Oh, lightly lay the cold, damp earth,
Upon his pulseless breast.

So brightly gleam the virtues of
His pure, masonic life,
We fain would call his spirit back
To this dark world of strife.

But GOD, *the Master*, called him hence,
"He doeth all things well,"
And though in grief we mourn our loss,
We may not e'en rebel.

His implements of toil laid by,
A sure reward to reap;
Within this narrow bed we lay
Our brother down to sleep.

Rest, well beloved, "*the mystic tie*,"
Even death cannot dissever,
In heaven we'll clasp thy hand again,
And dwell in love forever.

## TO EIGHTEEN SIXTY-FOUR.

In gloom, thou leavest us, old friend,
While sadly o'er thy bier we bend
And clasp thy hand;
Thy moments here are almost past,
This midnight hour will be thy last!
O! tell me, will the new one cast
Joy o'er the land?

Thus let me kneel beside thee now,
The snow-wreath on thy palid brow
Is not more cold!
Old memories throng so thick and fast,
While wierdly moans the wintry blast,
I cannot leave thee, till the last,
Dying and old.

What! tears upon thy furrow'd cheek,
Congealing, while the words I speak,
To diamonds bright?
So many mourning mothers, wives,
Such fearful loss of brave men's lives;
The love-light of so many eyes,
Gone out in night?

True, true, old friend, a record drear
Thou carriest from this world, I fear,
Deep dyed in gore!
Long shall thy reign be marked by those
Whose lov'd ones fought 'gainst freedom's foes,
And fighting, fell, beneath their blows,
To rise no more.

But canst thou tell us if "the new"
Will brighter visions bring to view
Of joy and peace?
Oh! will he banish war's alarms —
Bidding our loved lay by their arms
For those, whose fond, endearing charms
Shall never cease?

No answer yet? Thy lips are sealed,
Not one sweet hope hast thou revealed
To cheer my heart.

Farewell! the solemn midnight comes,
With mournful sound of muffled drums,
And we must part!

With fond regret and falling tear,
I fold the snow clouds o'er thy bier,
Lo! thou art dead.
The midnight chimes ring loud and clear,
While shouts of joy burst on my ear,
For "Eighteen sixty-five" is here,
And thou hast fled.

## THE RAIN-DROPS.

What shall my theme be to-day, dear friend?
What shall I write of to-day?
Of blue skies, that o'er us in radiance bend?
Of flowers, whose fragrance in sweetness blend?
In the beautiful golden May?
Oh, no! of nothing so bright, I pray,
For dark and drear do the storm-clouds lower,
And I've watched the rain-drops fall this hour,
Yielding myself to their soothing power,
In a dreamy, listless way.

They have voices, too, these rain-drops small,
And quaint are the tales they tell;
Voices that sweetly rise and fall
Like the echo soft of an Elfin call
Through the groves of a fairy dell,
Or a sigh from a lilly bell:

And I've listened long to the magic strain,
In that sweet bewildering sort of pain.
For sad are the voices of the rain
As the tone of a funeral knell.

They have woven fancies of every hue,
But few that were gay and bright;
They have told of things that I never knew,
Of much that is false and much that is true,
Where all should be joy and light,
Not drear as the shades of night.
In this fair and beautiful world of ours,
Where weeds outnumber the human flowers,
And serpents lurk in the greenest bowers,
To wither, sere and blight.

Dark tales of the battle-field they told,
In their soft and murmuring tone,
Where, pale and bleeding, the warrior bold,
His features bathed in the death-dew cold,
No loved ones to answer his moan,
Is dying in anguish alone.
Of the prayer wildly breathed for those dearer than life,
His beautiful babes and the idolized wife—
Of the soul's final struggle, the last bitter strife,
Ere death makes the warrior his own.

But this is not all, for one tiny sprite
In its tinkling, musical way,
Has pictured a scene, so radiant and bright
That I pray let it ever bless my sight
Through each long and weary day,
With its comforting, cheering ray:
For the vision is that of a bright, bright home,
A blessed retreat from the breakers' foam;
I would rest me here and no longer roam,
Then break not the spell, I pray.

Move not a finger, stir not a lip,
Beautiful rain-drop sprite,
Lest the wavy grace of thy bright wing's tip—
Frighten the pleasures my soul would sip,
Till they fade in the gloom of night.
Hark! there 's a murmur of voices here,
And a joyous laugh steals on the ear,
Like the rippling thrill of a song-bird clear,
There 's love and peace in this home scene dear,
Oh, holy and beautiful sight!

And now I must listen and wait in vain
For the sound of the Elfin feet
On the crystal clear of my window pane,
For the musical, sparkling drops of rain

Are glancing, dancing in mimic glee —
Through the leafless boughs of the maple tree.
But I'm not so sad as I was before,
When I gloomily paced my chamber floor,
Drew back the curtain and locked the door,
And I mourn for the unattained no more;
For I've something learned of your mystic lore,
Murmuring rain-drops sweet.

# THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

## ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The following Order of Procession will be proper to be observed, when a single Lodge conducts the Ceremonies:

Tyler, with drawn sword.
Stewards, with white rods.
Musicians,
if they are Masons; otherwise in advance of the Tyler.
Master Masons.
Mark Masters.
Royal Arch Masons.
Select Masters.
Knights Templars.
Past Masters of the Lodge.
Senior and Junior Deacons.
Secretary and Treasurer.
Senior and Junior Wardens.
The Holy Writings
on a Cushion, carried by the eldest, or some suitable member of the Lodge.
The Master.
Clergy.

MARSHAL.

Pall Bearers. THE BODY, WITH INSIGNIA. Pall Bearers.

## THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

*The presiding officer will open the Lodge in the Third degree. After having stated the object of the meeting, the service will commence, all the brethren standing:*

*Master.* Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass; turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as a hireling, his day. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. But man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom, then, may we seek for succor, but of THEE, O Lord, who, for our sins, art justly displeased?

My brethren, where is the man that liveth that shall not see death?

*Response by the Brethren.* Man walketh in a vain shadow; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

*Master.* Where is now our departed brother?

*Response.* He dwelleth in night; he sojourneth in darkness.

*Master.* Can we offer any precious thing to redeem our brother?

*Response.* We have not the ransom. The place that once knew him, shall know him no more forever.

*Master.* Shall his name be lost upon the earth?

*Response.* We will treasure it in our memories; we will record it in our hearts.

*Master.* How then will it be known?

*Response.* It shall live in the exercise of his virtues.

*Master.* When our brother died, did he carry nothing away with him?

*Response.* He fulfilled his destiny; naked came he into the world, and naked he has departed out of it.

*Master.* Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter: *It is the* LORD *only that can give, and it is the* LORD *that has taken away.*

*Response. Blessed forever, be the name of the* LORD.

*Master.* Let us endeavor to live the life of the righteous, that our last end may be like his.

*Response.* God is our God forever and ever. He will be our guide and our support, even through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

*Master.* I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me: "Write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."

*The Master here takes the* ROLL, *on which is inscribed the name and age of the deceased, and says:*

*Almighty Father!* in thy hands we leave, with humble submission, the soul of our departed brother.

*The brethren will answer* THREE TIMES, *giving the* GRAND HONORS *each time.*

*The will of God is accomplished.* So mote it be.

*The Master here deposits the* ROLL, *and repeats the following, or some other suitable prayer:*

Most glorious and merciful LORD GOD, Author of all good, and Giver of every perfect gift; pour down, we implore Thee, thy blessing upon us, and under the deep solemnities of this occasion, bind us yet closer together in the ties of brotherly love and affection. May the present instance of mortality sensibly remind us of our approaching fate, and may it have an influence to wean our affections from the things of this transitory world, and to fix them more devotedly upon Thee, the only sure refuge in time of need.

And at last, Great Parent of the Universe, when our journey shall be near its end; when the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken; oh! in that moment of mortal extremity, may the "lamp of thy love" dispel the gloom of the dark valley; and may we be enabled to "work an entrance" into the Celestial Lodge above, and in thy glorious presence, amidst its ineffable mysteries, enjoy a union with the souls of our departed friends, perfect as is the happiness of heaven, and durable as is the Eternity of God. Amen.

[The above ceremonies may be performed either at the Lodge, the house of the deceased, or in the Church edifice, if the corpse be taken there, and religious services be performed. If at the house of the deceased, the Master will take his station at the head of the coffin which will be uncovered, the Wardens at the foot, and the brethren around it, and commence as above prescribed. At the conclusion the coffin will be closed. If in the Church, immediately after the benediction, the Master, Wardens and brethren will place themselves as above directed, when the ceremonies will be commenced.]

*A procession will then be again formed, and march to the place of interment in the order prescribed. The members of the Lodge will form a circle round the grave. The Clergy and officers will take their station at the head, and the mourners at the foot, when the services will be resumed by the Master, as follows:*

"The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley, which was full of bones.

"And caused me to pass by them round about; and behold there were very many in the open valley; and lo! they were very dry.

"And he said unto me, Son of Man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.

"Again, He said unto me, prophesy unto these bones, and say unto them, Oh, ye dry bones, hear the words of the Lord.

"Thus sayest the Lord God unto these bones: Behold, I will cause breath to come into you, and ye shall live;

"And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you and cover you with skin, and put breath into you, and *ye shall live*; and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

"So I prophesied as I was commanded; and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold, a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.

"And when I beheld, lo! the sinews and flesh came upon them, and the skin covered them; but there was no breath in them.

"Then said He unto me, prophesy unto the wind; prophesy, Son of Man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.

"So I prophesied as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and *they lived*, and stood upon their feet."

*My Brethren:* We are again called upon by the most solemn admonition to regard the uncertainty of human life, the immutable certainty of death, and the vanity of all earthly pursuits. Decrepitude and decay are written on every living thing. The cradle and the coffin stand in juxtaposition to each other; and it is a melancholy truth, that so soon as we begin to live, that moment also we begin to die. Weakness and imperfection are the incidents of our fallen condition; the damp, dark grave is our destiny and our doom. What an eloquent commentary is here exhibited upon the instability of every human pursuit; and how touchingly does it echo the sad sentiment of the great preacher, who wrote for our perpetual warning, the immortal text, *vanity of Vanities, all is vanity.*

The last offices that we pay to the dead are useless things, except as they constitute lessons to the living. The cold, marble form enclosed in the "narrow house" before you, is alike insensible to our sorrows and our ceremonies. It matters not now to him, whether two or three gather around the grave to perform his funeral ritual, or that hundreds have assembled, with the banners and insignia of our order, to deposit him in his final resting place. It is of little moment how, or in what manner, his obsequies are performed; whether the wild winds chant his requiem, or it be accompanied with rare and costly music, and the minstrelsy of many voices. He has gone to accomplish the fearful destiny of all our race, and his body, in the profound slumbers of the grave, to be resolved into its original elements.

What, then, are all the externals of human dignity, the power of wealth, the dreams of ambition, the pride of intellect, or the charms of beauty, when nature has paid her

just debt? Fix your eyes on the last sad scene, and view humanity stript of its dazzling, meretricious ornaments, and you must need be persuaded of the utter emptiness of these delusions. The monarch of an hundred provinces, at whose bidding nations pay obedience, and the poor beggar that shivers upon the dunghill, are *equals* in the house of death. The one is obliged to part with his sceptre and his crown — the other has no further use for his wallet and his rags — and both are indebted to their *Mother Earth* for a common sepulchre. In the grave, all fallacies are detected, all ranks are levelled, and all distinctions are done away.

While we drop the sympathetic tear over the grave of our departed brother, let us cast around his foibles, whatever they may have been, the *broad Mantle of a Mason's charity*, nor withhold from his memory the commendation that his virtues claim at our hands. It is of record, in the volume of Eternal Truth, that perfection on earth can never be attained. The best of created men did most greviously err, and the wisest of our race went sadly astray. Suffer, then, the apologies of human nature to plead in behalf of him who cannot any longer extenuate for himself.

*The following invocations are then made:*

*Master.* May we be true and faithful to each other, and may we live and die in love.

*Response.* So mote it be.

*Master.* May we profess what is good, and always act agreeably to our profession.

*Response.* So mote it be.

*Master.* May the Lord bless us and keep us; may the

Lord be gracious unto us, and may all our good intentions be crowned with success.

*Response.* So mote it be.

*Master.* Glory be to God in the highest; on earth peace —good will toward men.

*Response.* So mote it be; now, henceforth, and forever. Amen.

*The service is then resumed by the Master, as follows:*

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me *shall never die.*

*Here the apron is taken from the coffin, and handed to the Master, and the corpse is made ready to be laid in the earth, when the service is resumed.*

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise Providence, to take out of the world the soul of our deceased brother, we, therefore, commit his body to the ground. [*Here deposit the coffin.*] Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, when the earth and sea shall give up their dead.

*The Secretary will then advance and deposit the* ROLL *in the grave with the usual forms.*

*Master.* Friend and brother, we bid thee a *last*, a *long* FAREWELL! Thou art at rest from thy labors; may it be in peace.

*Response.* So mote it be. Amen.

*If circumstances will permit, it will be proper at this stage of the proceedings to sing the following, or some other appropriate Hymn; or it may be repeated by the master, or omitted entirely, as shall be considered best.*

## DIRGE.

1. Solemn strikes the funeral chime,
Notes of our departing time.
As we journey here below,
Through a pilgrimage of woe.

2. Mortals now indulge a tear,
For mortality is here—
See how wide its trophies wave,
O'er the victims of the grave.

3. Lo! another guest we bring
Seraph of celestial wing,
To our funeral altar come,
Waft a friend, a brother home.

4. Lord of all below, above,
Fill our hearts with truth and love,
As dissolves our earthly tie,
Take us to thy LODGE on high!

*The service is then resumed by the Master, who, presenting the* APRON, *says:*

The Lamb Skin, or White Apron, is an emblem of Innocence, and the badge of a Mason. It is more ancient than the Golden Fleece, or Roman Eagle; more honorable than the Star and Garter.

*The Master then deposits it in the grave.*

This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our deceased brother. By this we are reminded of the universal domination of Death. The arm of friendship cannot interpose to prevent his coming; the wealth of the world cannot pur-

chase our release; nor will the innocence of youth, or the charms of beauty, propitiate his purpose. The mattock, the coffin, and the melancholy grave, admonish as of our mortality, and that, sooner or later, these frail, weak bodies must moulder in their parent dust.

*The Master, holding the* EVERGREEN *in his hand, continues:*

This Evergreen is an emblem of our faith in the immortality of the soul. By this we are reminded of our high and glorious destiny beyond the "world of shadows," and that there dwells within our tabernacle of clay, an imperishable, immortal spirit, over which the grave has no dominion, and death no power.

*The brethren will now move in procession round the place of interment, and severally drop the sprig of evergreen in the grave; after which the* PUBLIC GRAND HONORS *are given. The Master then continues the ceremony in the following words:*

From time immemorial it has been the custom among the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at the request of a brother, to accompany his corpse to the place of interment, there to deposit it with the usual formalities.

In conformity to this ancient usage, and at the request of our deceased brother, we have assembled at this time, in the character of Masons, to offer up, before the world, the last tribute of our affection; and thereby to demonstrate, in the strongest possible manner, the sincerity of our past esteem for him, and or steady attachment to the principles of the Order.

To those of his immediate relatives and friends, who are most heart-stricken at the loss we have all sustained, we have nothing of this world's consolation to offer. We can only sincerely, deeply, and most affectionately, sympathize

with them in their afflictive bereavement. But in the beautiful spirit of the Christian's theology, we dare to say, that He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," looks down with infinite compassion upon the widow and fatherless, in the hour of their desolation; and that the same benevolent Savior, who wept while here on earth, will fold the arms of His love and protection around those who put their trust and confidence in Him.

Then let us each, in our respective spheres, so improve this solemn warning of our God, that at last, when the "sheeted dead" are stirring, when the "great white throne" is set, and the volume of the record of our lives is opened, we may receive from the Omniscient, Eternal Judge, the thrilling invitation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

*The service is then concluded with the following, or some other suitable prayer.*

Almighty and most merciful God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, and before whom all men must appear, to render an account for the deeds done in the body; we do most earnestly beseech Thee, as we now surround the grave of our fallen brother, to impress deeply upon our minds, the solemnities of this day. May we ever remember that "in the midst of life we are in death," and so live and act our several parts as we will desire to have done, when the hour of our departure is at hand.

And oh! Gracious Father, vouchsafe us, we pray Thee, thy Divine assistance, to redeem our misspent time; and in the discharge of the duties thou hast assigned us, in the erection of our moral edifice, may we have *wisdom* from on

high to direct us, *strength* commensurate with our task to support us, and *beauty* of holiness to adorn and render all our performances acceptable in Thy sight. And at last, when our work on earth is done, when the *mallet* of death shall call us from *our labors*, may we obtain a blessed and everlasting rest, in that Spiritual House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

So mote it be. Amen.

*My Brethren:* Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

So mote it be. Amen.

*The procession will then return to the place whence it set out, where the necessary duties are complied with, and the Lodge is closed in the third degree*

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